THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

WE PARTED.

TO ——

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMSTEAD.

We parted—'twas a heavy day,
In Spring's awakening weather;
And sweet the smiles of opening May,
That found us last together!
And then grew strangely sad our hearts,
When came the parting hour;
As mildew that the slight imparts,
Will dim the smoothest flower;
Bright, bright had been those hours to us,—
We were in joy and gladness,
Nor deemed we hours existed thus,
Might part a gloom and sadness.

I'll not [illegible] scenes, the memories fleet,
That found us but together;
And retrace us in the present hour,
To flowers in summer weather;
We were where sunny hearts best light,
And smiling eyes were round us;
Nor recked we time might set his blight,
Upon the spirit that bound us:
We parted, when we found no true,
That might our joys prolong;
Alas! that joys so sweet that flow,
Should fade and flee forever!

We parted—when love's lover May,
In rainbow wreath was shining;
And spring bloom with golden ray,
The garden edge was lining;
And sad it was to bid farewell
To wight not loved more to meet us;
No shifting gale of death to toll,
Us wuthered to greet us;
Perchance 'twas wise, perchance 'twas meet,
For so it was ordained;
And yet a sigh that joys so sweet,
Should fade and flee forever!

Green, green for time Hope's garlands twine,
And bright stars watch o'er thee;
And faith dwell with ray calm,
To golden days before me:
Whilst all a chapel is the blessed,
How one we sat together;
When winds were balm, and leaves were green,
In Spring's awakening weather;
But one sad sigh, we found as true,
That time our love crowned;
And leaves on silken wings that flew,
Should fade and fade forever!

Original Tales.

PLOUGH DEEP.

A Story of Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANCES AND JANNY," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Plough deep! Oh, yes, it is easy enough to say plough deep, but the horrow have a word to say to that bargain. Tea acres, too, and the plough short and cut short between the stones, and the whole of young master says 'Plough deep, Coptoel, there, that is the last furrow I shall have to finish at the bottom!' Also! plough deep! yes, deep enough, for them—

Coptoel Hall, just arrived at this point of his soliloquy, and at the end of the furrow, when down went the plough, down to the breast went the horses, and Coptoel was fully employed for the time, he was even succeeded in extricating the animals, who rendered him every assistance that instinct suggested, and the first part of the ploughing was over.

Coptoel sat down to whisper to the horse mentally but his master approached, and the man subdued his rage to point out the absurd finish of his labors.

'This is very strange,' said the young master, and—there—the foundation of the wall is giving way.

Stand aside, Coptoel, for the little horrow word of command, and the wall tumbles down. Take the horses to the stable, and bless the best thing since Job.'

Never mind,' grumbled Coptoel, as he jumped on Lightfoot and led the other home, 'never mind, Lightfoot, I'll thank you for this, yet—we don't thank you are to escape.

The horn blew thrice, and John, a negro, made his appearance at a great head.

'Look here, John, and sensible this,' said the young man. 'The stone wealth of the horses and plough has made the earth sick in. There would have been a large hollow there, and yet how could there be one so near the foundation of the house and wall. I'll thank you to prevent the stones from falling, the little horrow must come down, and this will be the old help at once.'

John looked at the gap and then decided in his own mind that the arch of some passage had given way, and that the center of the wall on which the horrow had been built was directly over the passage.

'Come here in sheet an hour,' said John to the strong man, 'and perhaps you will find that the top wet will not fall.'

So he departed, and the negro, with the reluctant assistance of Coptoel and two laborers, succeeded in propping up the wall. By the time the evening closed, the barrier was finished, and the young man had examined the props, walked back to the house with John.

'Well, John,' said he, 'what is your opinion of that great hole under ground?' I have no doubt you have probed it to the bottom.'

John said that the horses were lagging behind, but within hearing; and he thought it best to keep his thoughts to himself.

Whatever it might have been, Master Stone, it is nothing new, and will be filled up to-morrow. I am glad, at any rate, that Master Stowe does not know of the accident. I hope, Coptoel, you will not frighten the maids about it.'

'Oh, I will answer for that,' said the young man. 'Besides, he has quarrelled with Ribbet, they say, and so he goes not in the kitchen. By the bye come in my room after supper,' said he, in a low voice to John, 'and let me talk this and other matters over.'

Stone Stowe, the hero of our story, was a plain, good-principled young man, of about twenty-one years of age. He was almost self-taught for he had no masters after he was twelve years old, and all that he knew about anything, he had acquired by his own industry, for his love of knowledge was strong.

The young man was the last male descendant of the Stone Stowe who was Regent in London after the death of Charles VIII., in the year 1470. This Regent was a man of great talent, and conducted the affairs of Stephen with great judgment and prudence, but by a base stratagem of Christian II., King of Denmark, was [illegible] executed, his son-in-law, with his young son, retired to a small estate in Hampshire, where the remained undisturbed, the latter forgotten by all but the Archbishop of Canterbury, for some reason of his own, took an interest in the affairs of the lonely orphan.

On this estate, and near the mansion, or palace it might be called in those days, was a large chapel, or church—great skill and immense means of money had been lavished. This could well be concealed, as three hundred years after its erection, it remained in excellent preservation. The worship, which unlike those generally in business at that time—indeed in 1410, the period when our story begins—was built of stone, and stone only which the elements seemed to have no control.

In this Chapel the Archbishop sometimes condescended to preach, and it was on one of these occasions that the Lady Stowe conveyed to him the unpleasant information that her funds for the maintenance of her grandson were exhausted.

The Archbishop looked at her for several minutes without speaking. He then rose, told her that he would receive the matter in his mind, and let her know the result the next day.

'This is your last meal, Stone,' said she, as they sat down to their slender supper: 'this is your last meal as owner of Stowe Chapel. For will I leave, by the peculiar look of the Archbishop's eye, that a plentiful board can only be supported by the rent of that Chapel.

'I don't mind betting him have the Chapel if he will give me money enough to travel. I am tired of living here, frozen up nine months in the year, and doing nothing, in fact. Then the new furniture must be climb rocks and catch fish. I'm for France.

Stone was now in his sixteenth year, and as he did not dislike anybody, in fact liked the few he knew there to an indifferent mind, it was, as he said, dull enough.

'Would you leave me here alone?' said she reproachfully.

'Oh, no, grandmother, you shall go along.'

'No, degenerate boy,' said she, 'I stir not from an estate that has been in our family for many centuries. I have long perceived that you wish to leave me; and so I know the obstinacy of your nature, I shall make no opposition. Go to France if the Archbishop recommends, and when you are so weary of that country as you ought your own now, come back and dig your bones by the side of your father's and mine, in Stowe Chapel.'

The young lad laughed at this solemn winding up of his grandmother's speech; but he promised to return if weariness overtook him, an event which he thought not likely to happen. The Archbishop gave his consent to the benefaction, and, what Stone thought the most agreeable part of all, a purse well filled with gold pieces. To be sure, he took good care to secure himself from ultimate loss, but Stone thought little of this so long as he possessed the means of making his way in a world which presented so many fairy scenes to his imagination.

He departed from Upsal in 1519, and in the year 1570, just 50 years afterwards, and in his 66th year, he returned to his native, weary of that foreign world which looked so fair to him at a distance. His grandmother lived and ruled for twenty years after he left her, and in that time, by occasional remittances from home, he had increased the value of that, she had redeemed the Chapel and lands; for, the Archbishop being dead, money was more desirable to his heir than a Chapel without revenue.

Stone Stowe did not return alone; he married at the age of forty, had four sons, and with this family, and much wealth, he quietly took his stand where he arrived at the castle of Upsal without meeting with a human soul, and had for twenty years, after her death, and in that time, by occasional remittances from home, he had increased the value of that, she had redeemed the Chapel and lands; for, the Archbishop being dead, money was more desirable to his heir than a Chapel without revenue.

Stone Stowe did not return alone; he married at the age of forty, had four sons, and with this family, and much wealth, he quietly took his stand where he arrived at the castle of Upsal without meeting a human soul, and had for twenty years, after his first wife, but the paternal, he married a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl from Norway; and it was to his heirs that Stone Stowe would have been compelled to leave his property, had not Stone, the eldest, and an old man himself, announced to his father that he intended to marry.

In due time he married; and when he presented his aged father with a son, he was the father of but one. He had settled quietly on his farm by his father, but the paternal home, and was now an owner, and not a tenant. Stone came and went, and until, in the year 1596, the hero of our story was born, and five years after, his sister Mildred came into the world.

The grandmother of this young man, like the first owner, was determined that her son should be a soldier, command, and was known in Paris before he arrived there as a clear headed financier. He married, and in due course of time had a daughter. This was quite an unlooked for change in the regular order of things, where the estate was had invariably been a son. As no son succeeded the daughter, Stone became fearful and disconsolate, it was in vain that his mother, who had gone to Paris on a visit, told him that a girl would make as good an heir as a boy; he would not listen, and he contented himself by sending his infant to a child's care constitution, most supped the foundations of health and sent her to the grave.

A second marriage brought him a son, but he was again a widower; this, however, did not disturb his equanimity as great head, as he seemed as late; and he had nothing further to desire. His mother, however, took it into her head to die likewise, and that event did damage his plans. Upsal now came to the same owner and master to view, and as the vision brightened he arranged his affairs, turned everything into gold, and at the age of forty-four found himself seated on the portico of Stowe Castle gazing on the lake.

His daughter was now thirty; but being very tall, very sallow with strongly marked features, she looked much older. Stone was now twenty-one, and as his father determined that one, at least, of the name of Stowe should marry early, a wife was selected, and in the course of time was the brought him first a son and then a daughter.

Whatever might be the old man's reasons at his time of life for this act, his heir the real cause, which consisted of nothing more than the castle the land and about twenty acres of land, he settled on his daughter about three thousand dollars a year, and at her death it was to go to his granddaughter Phillis. After this demise it went to a distant branch of the family, a daughter of one of the descendants of Harold Stowe, the grandson of Stone who became the Regent of London.

Our hero lost his father and mother at a very early period, and as his great aunt still reigned in full power, she took to herself and sister left upon her his aunt, Ellie, as she was called, having no relations whatever.

Madame Stowe was now in her seventy-third year, and was as much a Frenchwoman as on the day she left Paris. She had not changed the fashion of her dress, still wearing the high-heeled shoe and the high pointed cap with long flying lappets and deep ruffles of rich lace at the elbow that was very tall, and thin, added to the high heels and high cap, made her appear to a stranger as a monstrous person.

Being her father's Ella she had ruled him as his mother had ruled before her, and Stone found that her authority still continued, for her patronizing eyes reached down from her brother to his grandson, and the greater Stone Stowe, in the time Phillis, she did not consider it worth while to interfere with the ruling power. She had, in fact, been accustomed in anything like satisfaction, for Ellie had a way of her own too, which, if not obstinacy, was so near akin to it as to be called by that name, often never paid any attention to any suggestion or remonstrance from any one.

Now Ellie had been long enough of a certain sort, she went through the monotonous routine of her life with considerable, found fault with nothing, was not docile in any one, took everything for granted, and contented herself in nothing in particular, and in nothing in general, in short she was musical in thing excepting that when her maid died she was to inherit the income during her life.

'When Ann dies,' she would say to those around her, 'I shall have three thousand dollars a year, now I have nothing.'

This was of course, otherwise a good sum enough, though that he could manage to keep Ellie in no beggar a manner as she was now, even though she should change her name to Wilden. He did great court to her therefore, for the symptoms of decay in Madame Stowe were becoming more and more apparent every change of the season.

Mildred, our heroine's sister, would rather submit to the domineering spirit of her great aunt, nor to the accommodating spirit of her little aunt. There was nothing therefore that presented itself to her mind but to Stockholm, and thither she went at the age of twelve.

CHAPTER II.

Before we say anything further, it is necessary that we should speak of John. Our hero's father had been cruel to slaves, and his grandfather, to displease his mother, presented him to Stowe. He stood, however, of going to France, which made of his early recollections contented, for his most spoke of nothing, and thought of nothing that had not some allusion to the place of his birth, he went to America, and it was in Virginia that he saw the boy of whom we have spoken, and who had also disappointed his hopes.

Michael Cranleigh was a fair delicate girl, an only child, and utterly helpless. She had four or five slaves constantly near her, and every wish and request was anticipated, in fact, her sweetness of temper made it a pleasure to gratify her. When the young Swede made his appearance among them he was struck with the grave beauty and docility of the young girl, so unlike anything he had ever seen before that she become a study. He lingered in the neighborhood quite long enough to find that Michael was quite through the Swedish Council, about his family and country, and when he was ready to offer his hand to the daughter, the father was quite ready to bestow it.

John had a twin sister, and she as well as he thought that slavery would indeed be a heather if Miss Mille were to leave them, so they entreated and were allowed to accompany their master. They should accompany his daughter to Sweden. They were then mere children, but more than twelve years of age, but remarkably intelligent for their ages. Phillis, however, could never learn to write, though her young mistress took an more pains with her as with John, but her affections were so strong, and her determination to go at earnest as his were.

Stone Stowe introduced his fair bride and was well received by his father, but the old lady, Madame Stowe, could hardly treat her with civility, as she had, in her indignation at her son's marriage, left her from the coldness of Madame Stowe and her biting sarcasms. The birth of a son gave her energy, however, and she bore the gloomy monotony of her life without a murmur, never, say, even any suspicion on the part of her husband that there was any hidden cause of discomfort. He had, himself, been so accustomed to the disagreeable ways of his aunt's temper and manners, that he forgot to observe how it affected his wife.

Five years after she gave birth to a daughter, and from that moment she began to droop. Her husband and son with consent that her constitution was in-ured to colds of the winter, but nothing could protect

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

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☞ JOHN T. McCALL, of Columbus, Ohio, is no longer agent for this paper. 4t*

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Old Winter has grown as a "let up" for the last few days; indeed the New Year so bounded on Spring! On Monday as mild was the air, and as buttrous the sky, that people came out in crowds to promenade on the docks. Vessels could be seen distinctly seen at noon-day. The thoroughfares were alive with pedestrians. The rich and happy, in gay attire, went laughingly like visits to those who had shivered in their damp cellars, crept out from their concealment, and basked up with tears on thankfulness to the genial sky.

In the political world, however, there is just now a black cloud which looks as if it would be more than a majority of that body, headed by John Quincy Adams, is opposed to the views of the whole of Our Administration. The effect of this fact has created quite a sensation in our cities. Our learned men have been thinking, talking, discussing this strange fact and conjecture about the war question, which involves the remarks of Mr. Adams cause, like the flash of lightning, and their opinions are unchanged. A partial panic has been the result. This is the more strange, since even Mr. Adams himself, does not consider a war probable. The subject, however, has been considered so engrossing, that little else has been thought or spoken of during the past week.

Once for all we will speak our sentiments on this subject, and on those of an independent and unprejudiced mind. We have not the least fear that the long-heard assertions of ignorant letter writers, or the universal misrepresentations of factious newspapers, will ever be put into practice. Even a war would, then, *there is no fear of war.* We say this on a perusal of all the correspondence. We are satisfied that the going notice to England to terminate the joint occupancy can effect, will be a compromise, and the result of the question by indemnity before the year is up.

The debate in the House does not surprise us. We have been watching all along that when this Oregon question came up, a good deal of the surplus venom in the House would be let off, and more would take opportunity when a vote has the entire world can be digest in a twelvemonth. It is very evident that nothing can be effected in the matter for a year after in blunder and backdown patriotism. If the Democrats will lag, the Whigs long as high notions and disdain their countenance to think there wanting to the national honor. Nor is either party disposed to get the reputation of a "British" party, by opposing a war now. When, however, the crisis comes, enough of both parties will be found willing to vote, by their votes, for peace and a compromise will then be very quickly effected.

In the meantime any measures taken, by either House, to place the country in a better state of defence should give no alarm. Our facilitations, generally, are in a most deplorable condition. For an instance we may take those of the harbor of Philadelphia, which are so inefficient that an enemy, by means of steamers, might reach this city in twenty-four hours. Besides, though war is impracticable, it is not impossible that it may arise in Mexico, to take the 49th degree, or contingencies as yet unseen, might arise. Under these circumstances, necessary measures of defence, which have been too long postponed, ought to be adopted.

Besides, the northern Whigs are not unwilling to involve the country in a system of appropriations for national defence in order, by these means, to maintain the tariff, and divert them themselves, as we and before the charge of being opposed to England. On the other hand, the Southern members, who hitherto have still on record in favor of a war with such a crisis shall be rendered probable by the action of the north, will strive for peace in order to preserve their cotton interest. The remarks of Mr Douglass on the one side, and of Mr. Hiett on the other, made during the late debate, bear us out in these sentiments. In fact the great excitement on the Oregon question are nothing more than the political game of opposite parties to cheat each other at the game of popularity. Neither party cares to be thought averse to a war: yet neither wishes to assume the responsibility of one.

We have written thus plainly, because it is time somebody spoke out. We have no idea of seeing the country frightened by the bluster of a few party journals, or the warlike tone of members seeking popularity. The great sense of the nation is now found to be in favor of peace—the administration and the Senate are also opposed to war: and however near we may come to an open declaration of hostilities these is, in the right quarter, a sheet anchor, which will bring us up before we strike. Having thus disburdened our minds on this question, we shall not return to it again unless some new point of affairs develops itself.

THE PITTSBURG FUND.

All who contributed to the Pittsburg Fund will naturally wish to know how it has been applied. Last week the final report of the Committee of Distribution was made to the Pittsburg City Councils. The report says that $161,567.37 has been received from the Treasurer of the Relief Fund—that 1,310 claims have been filed, of which 1,200 have judged—that claims had been turned to the amount of $170,317—leaving a balance of $6170.37 in Bank. The Treasurer has on hand about $5,500—and it is recommended the distribution thereof. The balance of $30,000 from the State has not been received. Accompanying the report was a list of the names of those who had received of the Fund. The Committee also recommended a tax that George Darragh, Esq., be authorized to draw the balance of $31, 0.61, still remaining in the hands of the State Treasurer, of State Sanitary Agent, that all those whose losses by the fire of the 10th of April, shall be less than $2,000, should receive such additional aid as will make up 10 per cent. upon such losses. That all whose losses range between $2,000 and $5,000, shall receive 5 per cent. That all whose losses have already afforded them from the relief fund. Fourth, that all whose losses exceed the sum of $5,000 shall receive 2½ per cent above. That the Treasurer of the Relief Fund be authorized to sell all the unclaimed money in his possession, and to pay said such funds as he may have on hand in equitable basis of that city. Sixth, that a committee of five persons be appointed to examine the vouchers and audit the Treasurer and the Committee to distribution. The recommendations of the Committee were unanimously adopted.

JERSEY AWAKING.

Our gallant neighbor is bestirring herself in a manner to put Pennsylvania to shame. At the date of the last Legislature applications for charters will be made for several large manufactories. A Cotton Factory charter will be applied for from *Mary's Landing Atlantic county*, with a capital of $100, 000. A great Iron Manufacturing Company is applied for at Camden, and applications will also be made to incorporate a company for the manufacture of Cooper's Patent Gas-Lit, with a capital of $100, 000, to be located at Belleville. Another application will be made from Jersey City for a charter for the American Fisher's Company, with a capital of $500,000 but with privilege to commence business when $50,000 is paid in, for the sale, on commission, of American manufactures and the materials of which they are composed.

CRIME AT NAUVOO.

The New York Tribune makes some very severe comments upon the recent murder of Mr. Gray by the Mormons, which we have not room to copy. It says that the murder was committed by the Danites, a band of desperadoes, who are sworn to execute the behests of Brigham Young, and that the murder was committed because Gray had left the Mormon faith, and had the effrontery to publish a book containing his views. The Tribune says that Gray was considered a man of high character, and that the murder is completely covered up, so that no evidence can be obtained. The Tribune says that the Grand Jury of the United States, at its present session, should inquire into the circumstances of the case.

Vague charges also made by the Saugerties Journal against the Mormons for murder, &c., in Utah, but it must require to be sifted before they are credited, and in this condition they are taken off to a thrill, carried to the middle of the river, where they were quickly ripped open, and their bodies sunk. This is what is termed making "catfish bait" of the unfortunate victim. It is said that quite a number of persons were disposed of in this manner.

It is also said that the business of stealing is reduced to a regular system; that there are the appropriation concerned in the matter—one of which ascertains the names and locations of persons in the surrounding towns who have considerable money, which, when procured, are to be deposited in a certain place—and a third party deals out the provisions to the destitute. The Danites could be distinctly seen at noon-day. The thoroughfares were alive with pedestrians. The rich and happy, in gay attire, went laughingly like visits to those who had shivered in their damp cellars, crept out from their concealment, and basked up with tears on thankfulness to the genial sky.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

One of the most melancholy disasters that has occurred on the Mississippi for many years, took place on the night of the 22d inst., by the collision of the steamboat Eclipse, with the steamboat Pennsylvania, by which the latter was sunk, and a number of persons lost their lives. The Eclipse was on her way up from New Orleans to Louisville, and the Pennsylvania was coming down. The Eclipse struck the Pennsylvania about 12 o'clock at night, and in a few minutes the latter sunk in 30 feet of water. The Eclipse was not much injured, and proceeded on her way. The Pennsylvania was a new boat, and was considered one of the finest on the river. She was valued at $60,000, and was insured for $40,000 in the Louisville offices. The number of passengers on board at the time of the collision is not known, but it is supposed to be about 100. Many of the passengers were saved by the Eclipse, and others by the small boats which put off from the shore. The following is a list of the names of those who are known to be lost:

Mrs. Wm. Hall, of Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Wm. Hall, Jr., do.
Mrs. Wm. Hall, Jr., do.
Mrs. Wm. Hall, Jr., do

United States SATURDAY POST.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID
TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
Sir—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

Godey's Magazine, *for January*, 1846.—All the Philadelphia magazines have come out, this year, more beautiful than ever; and in the race of improvement Godey does not fall behind. The present number is really a superb one. The first plate is a magnificent mezzotint of Tucker, representing a lovely young female caressing a canary bird. This is really one of the finest engravings we have ever seen in Godey. Next follows a likeness of Miss Leslie, most admirably engraved. To this succeeds a view of the ruins of Jamestown, Va.; and a plate of "Mazurka Fashions" completes the array. In its literary contents this number is quite a gem. The Sketch by Miss Leslie, is racy, graphic and life like. "Catharine Seaton," by Angela Hull—a new writer we believe—is a story that will absorb every reader's attention. Mr. P. W. B. Carothers furnishes a tale, which we transfer to our columns this week, and by which therefore our readers can judge for themselves. "Budding and Blossoming," by John Neal, like all his sketches, is odd, but full of talent. Altogether this old and favorite periodical bids fair to be even better than ever for 1846. *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street.*

Engineers' and Mechanics' Companion. 1 vol. [illegible]

☞ The States of Tennessee and Georgia seem to be in earnest in their scheme to unite the Atlantic and the Mississippi. The Legislature of Tennessee have chartered a company to construct a railway from Nashville to Chatanooga, the terminus of the Western and Atlantic railroad. The Georgia Legislature have passed a bill to extend the Western and Atlantic railroad. It authorises the Governor to issue State bonds to an amount not exceeding $65,000 per annum for two years, not to be sold for less than their par value. This appropriation, it is thought, will continue the road to Cross Plains.

☞ It is stated in the Detroit Daily Advertiser, that a child was recently born in that vicinity, and is now living, which is entirely without arms. It has shoulder blades, and at the place where the shoulder joint should be, there is a small cicatrix, or scar, about the bigness of a small pea. Its right leg descends to the knee, to which the foot is affixed, and moves freely. Its left leg is perfect to the foot, which is clubbed in a very singular manner, the foot projecting outward and upward, and the toes being pointed toward the head. There are but four toes each on the feet.

☞ The Prague Gazette, in announcing the death of a M. Ledokauer, an Israelite merchant, at the age of 71, states that about fifty years ago he arrived in that city on foot without money, but by force of industry and economy had since amassed a fortune of nearly 8,000,000 francs, the the greater part of which he has bequeathed for the encouragement of the arts and sciences and commerce and manufactures, and for the relief of the unfortunate of all nations. About 2,500,000 francs, have fallen to the benevolent institutions of the principal towns of Bohemia.

☞ A young girl about twelve years of age, named Susan Bump, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, was accidentally killed on Sunday week, by her brother. He took up the gun supposing it was unloaded, aimed and discharged it at her. She lived but a few moments, only uttering the exclamation—"Oh! you have shot me!" The frequency of accidents of this kind calls for especial care in the handling of fire-arms.

☞ The actual receipts of the Charleston Custom House, commencing the 1st of October, and ending the 31st December, 1845, amount to $78,500.

MESSAGE
OF THE
GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met at Harrisburg on Tuesday, when both Houses organized, Democratic speakers being chosen in both Houses. The Message of the Governor was delivered on Wednesday.

The Governor, in this document, speaks of the general health and prosperity which has distinguished the citizens of this Commonwealth the past year. He adverts to the successful efforts of the State to pay the interest of her debt. He gives a qualified opinion as to any alteration in the Tariff, speaking on this subject only in general terms. He seems to be in favor of an Independent Treasury. The Banking capital of the State, he says, is already sufficient: and he recommends that a clause requiring individual liability on the part of the stockholders, should be inserted in all charters of renewal. He speaks also in favor of urging Congress to finish the removal of the obstructions in the Ohio. Of the benefits of the Common School system, both in theory and practical working, he speaks in elevated terms.

The internal improvements of the State, he says, show a great increase of the business transacted on them. The discussion of the militia system he waives; but he pays a high compliment to our volunteers.

The most gratifying fact in the Message is the announcement that there is already in the Treasury sufficient funds to meet the interest due in February. We copy the whole portion of the Message relating to our financial affairs.

The public debt of Pennsylvania, on the 1st of December, 1845, as appears from the report of the Auditor General, was as follows:

Funded debt,	$36,[illegible] 267 49
Relief Notes in circulation,	1,258,572 00
Interest Certificates outstanding, with interest thereon,	2,[illegible],863 36
Due to Domestic Creditors,	99,730 43
The Interest upon which, according to the Auditor General's computation for 1846, is	$2,023,[illegible] 00
The balance in the Treasury on the 1st December, 1844, was	663,851 88
The receipts into the same, during the year ending on the 30th November last, as appears in detail by the reports of Auditor General and State Treasurer, were	3,010,0[illegible] 34

[illegible]

... fore the payment of interest was resumed, and by collections from the arrearages of taxes of former years—both of which will soon be exhausted.

I am constrained to add, that all these calculations and estimates, presuppose that the demands on the Treasury will not be permitted to transcend their ordinary limits and that no appropriations will be made by legislation to new objects. These are not anticipated, because in the present state of the finances, every new appropriation may well be regarded, not as a grant of money unincumbered in the Treasury, but rather as an abstraction of funds, specifically appropriated already, and rightfully belonging to the public creditors.

In consequence of the inadequacy of the present taxes permanently to meet the interest, the Governor urges on the Legislature the adoption of other measures to sustain the faith of the State.

Legislative.

Message of the Governor of Maryland.—This message was delivered last week. The gratifying fact is stated, that during the year more taxes have been collected than would pay the whole interest on the public debt—the collections being $710,784 31—the interest being $635,421 20. There remained due for arrears of interest on the 1st of December, 1845, $1,376,891 20, being $55,363 31 less than was due on the 1st of December, 1844. The sinking fund of the State was on the 1st December, 1845, $1,404,030, and it is certain, that it will, in the time limited by law, amount to enough to pay off the whole debt. The entire debt of the State, bearing interest, is $11,986,784 98.

He suggests that if it shall be decided, as he seems to think it should, to resume the cash payment of interest on the 1st of October, 1846, that it will be necessary to fund the arrearages of interest due on the 1st of July, 1846. He then recommends the tax laws, and suggests such alterations in them as will make them more effective.

The receipts from the "Stamp Act" it is estimated will amount to $100,000 at the end of the year, for which it went into operation; and he recommends that it be extended to all instruments which were, by the decision of the Court of Appeals, declared to be excluded by the phraseology of the existing law. He also recommends that lottery tickets be also required to be stamped.

Message of the Governor of New York.—Gov. Wright's Message was delivered on Tuesday, the 6th inst. A large portion of it is devoted to the Anti-Rent difficulties. He gives a history of that affair; and of the measures taken to maintain the laws. But now that the law is vindicated he recommends that such of the grievances of the Anti-Rent tenants as are *real*, should be redressed—for instance, he thinks that leasehold estates on the old plan, as well the right of distress for rent should hereafter be abolished. Of the Canals he speaks at length. The revenue is comparatively in a flourishing condition. For Teacher's salaries there has been expended during the last year, $1,087,884 72. The Message agrees with that of President Polk on the subject of the Tariff and Independent Treasury.

Fires.

☞ The extensive leather factory at Brochett's Bridge, Manheim, (N. Y.) occupied by Messrs. A. Griswold & Son, was consumed by fire on the 30th ult. The establishment was 250 feet in length, with an extension corresponding to the basement of the main building of 100 feet further. About 4,000 sides of sole leather in the building were consumed, and the burning building having fallen, in a great part into the vats, occasioned still further loss. The value of the property destroyed is set down at $40,000, and Messrs. Griswold & Son have no insurance.

☞ On Thursday evening of last week, at half past 11 o'clock, the Rockaway House, Phillips Beach, Mass., took fire and was burnt to the ground, with all its contents. It is reported that a chimney had blown down, and that the snow and rain had so wet one of the upper bed-rooms, that a stove was put in to dry it—and the fire was communicated to the room.

☞ The Shovel Factory belonging to Mr. Geo. W. King, at Raynham, Mass., was consumed by fire on Thursday night week, with its contents. The loss is about $4,000 and no insurance. Mr. King had made partial arrangements for an insurance to take effect on the first of January.

☞ The jail at Whitesboro, N. Y., took fire last week, but the flames were soon extinguished. The prisoners, strange to tell, who were released, rendered efficient service, and when the flames were extinguished, returned voluntarily to their cells!

☞ The dwelling of Mr. P. Mason, in Springfield township, O., was burned to the ground so suddenly that nothing could be saved. Several hundred dol- [illegible]

☞ One of the large elephants attached to a menagerie, died at Zanesville, Ohio. He was one of four recently exhibited in this city. [illegible] white bear belonging to the same collection [illegible] mals also died.

☞ Mr. Lyman D. Scott, an intemperate man, burned his house and himself in it at M[illegible] on Saturday week. He was about 45 years [illegible] has left a wife and two children.

☞ The Legislature of Alabama ha[illegible] that the seat of government shall be re[illegible] place that will not furnish a State Ho[illegible] expense to the State.

☞ A bill to divorce Mrs. S. C. P. T[illegible] her husband, Ex-Governor Francis Thom[illegible] land, has passed the House of Delegates unanimously.

☞ The London correspondent of [illegible] Atlas states decidedly that Mrs. Fan[illegible] Butler will *not* re-appear upon the stage [illegible]

☞ The Governor of Virginia has gr[illegible] ter Hill, now under sentence of death fo[illegible] der of Major Smith, a respite for one [illegible]

☞ There is a proposition on foot to [illegible] nument to Roger Williams, on the grou[illegible] for a public cemetery near Providence.

☞ The beautiful town of Roxbury, [illegible] resolved, with the consent of the Legisla[illegible] come a City.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

460 shares Reading R. R.
355 do. Girard Bank,
50 do. Harrisburg R. R.
25 do. Exchange Bank, Pittsburg,
22 do. Western Bank, B5,
24 do. Wilmington R. R.
15 do. Man. & Mec. Bank, Pitts,
15 do. Vicksburg Bank,
4 do. Pennsylvania Bank,
$5000 Alms House 6's, 1847,
$400 Lehigh 6's,
$1200 County 5's, 1860, old,
$3000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,
$2000 Lehigh 6's,

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Fine Poem.

THE OLD SOUTHERN FIRE.

BY J. WARD.

Shall not the memory of the old days live,
And the old deeds be told?
Shall not the fame of the old days survive
In the days we behold?
Yes, tell them to the children, tell them well,
Tell them to the last,
How they grew, the Hero's blood when the summons came
Of the old Southern Fire!

As it broke from the Mississippi and the Mobile Bay,
Bled bravely it smoked upon the Rappahannock clay,
Its hand grasped with more than its strength the sword and
bright brand,
The cold countenance bore its bright color to the last,
Whether it went down in the smoke of the battle,
Or whether it went up in the flame of victory,
It was the old Southern Fire!

Who the Puritan hand left the Nation of Heroes,
Their valor the Continent's Thermopylæ,
Their fame the Universal Song.

When they mustered to obey but command knew,
And marched to the music of Dixie's Battle-Hymn more,—
To the new Western World flew each wizard's wand
of power,

No breeze but a free one through the vantage could stop;
On Old Plymouth Rock they first achored in spite,
And the cold winds of Winter the warmer hearts did not
The "Mayflower" clung to a mighty old tree,
As the knew now new in the Land of the Free!
And she rested in peace, for the young cable line,
Was got round the cape of an Old Northern Pine!

And at last, when the Tyrant brought over his chain,
He forged its red fetters and clanked them in vain;
When the blood-hounds of War touched the feet of our
And down from away from their homes and their firm,
Away fled the fugitive, hill, vale wooded,
The cold and the scattered of us was wounded,
As well as the deer by the hunter pursued
They left the loved place and hid lost in the wood;
And while the the stranger, with blood-hiving eye,
Looked round in the thickets,—he looked but to die.
As the hunter now sees in the Land of the Free!
And she rested in peace, for the young cable line,
Was got round the cape of an Old Northern Pine!

When the Tyrant had left the Nation of Heroes,
Their valor the Continent's Thermopylæ,
Their fame the Universal Song.

When they mustered to obey but command knew,
And marched to the music of Dixie's Battle-Hymn more,—
To the new Western World flew each wizard's wand
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As the hunter now sees in the Land of the Free!
And she rested in peace, for the young cable line,
Was got round the cape of an Old Northern Pine!

Where the Shore left the rice-swamps of Georgia after,
The Moon rose its lamp and his guide was a Star;
With a hide never worn, with a heart filled with blood,
To the Sir Northern clime of New England he sped.
For the hunter never ate, they were after the Slave,
Oh, hunt yet! fly onward! he strong, oh, be brave!
On he sped: not a thought he allowed to his flight,
To the North was his journey by day and by night;
On the Slave-hound came! but he passed him onward,
The Free Fire's dawn was the cold comet, I warn
Joy! joy to the Hunt one, glad freedom is theirs—
A home for oppressed ones, the Old Northern Fires!

A thousand long years the Grey Eagle he flown,
To ten thousand storm winds his broad wings he groped,
In the top of yon Pine he built his first nest,
And there he his old, weary pinions now rest.
There the Eagle is here, there his young, wing he tries,
There he pauses his pace, there he lives, there he dies.
When, a thousand years old, in the cold grave he sleeps,
The Pine Tree, unwasted, its watch over keeps;
To save in peace the Grey Eagle's first flight,
And none, all unwatched, it stands in the night!
In a thousand long years it has known no decline,
Oh, a home, mighty tree is the Old Northern Pine!

There is silence and rest still its thick-growing leaves,
Where the gold cone's shine glows, the needle-dew kisses,
The white-pure still sings there, the needle-dew kisses,
And warbles her song through the dim, leafy meads;
And the dove coos there, his head nestled on his mate,
On the bosom he loves, 'neath the shade of the Pine;
The nightbird awakes, and his Ghost' golden light
Glide the chinks of his nest through the long Summer
night;
And the thick branches o'er him swing soft on his bier,
And Mist strange sky rings rest to the mourning bough;
Ah! in all the wide forest, no hearer so fine,
(For the Lover and Mist!) as the Old Northern Pine!

Then be, White Pine of the forest, no jeer Wonder will be
In the dampest cause smiling a bread-browned tree,
As it hangs, dewy! by the wind and the tide,
Twice a Pine-Tree she saw o'er the glad waters ride;
Twice the first sea to sovereign Columbia as shore,
It will stand All Columbia's sovereign Pine, evermore!
By the Angel of Death, when he flies o'er the world,
Shall the Trees of the Forest be rare he beheld,
Dark, withered and dead they shall stone the cold earth,
But the Pine-Trees shall stand, as they've stood since
their birth!
They shall stand from his eyes! Death cannot ravage
To his shadow the proud form of the OLD NORTHERN
PINE!—*New Yorker.*

☞ Out of Columbia's ashes rose the fire wreath of the up-
ponent of land by a fleeting tree.

Thrilling Story.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

I have never crossed the Atlantic, though it has
ever been one of the youngest desires of my heart
to do so—to visit what was the home of my fathers,
the region of revolutions and battles, the country so
long of dependence, of great deeds and of bad.
Probably my short period will never permit me to
enjoy all this, and scarcely may give me to see a
better land." But the dreams, I often visit it.
There is not a mountain or lake in Scotland, which
I have not always times climbed or sailed over, not
a landscape of note which I have not portrayed in
my imagination. In one of those mental visits, lately,
the following pictures were before my mind.

I was walking in a nobleman's park; the tall trees
were in clusters, and their arches everywhere al-
ternated light and shade in beautiful contrast. The
wild birds had their home here, and now the timid
deer were seen *bounding* from one thicket to ano-
ther, without fearing the wild whistle which we
hear in our forests, when a deer sees a man. In the
midst of all that was lovely, stood the old family
mansion—and there it had stood for centuries. Be-
tween, its wings, its great circles for the family
plate, its gardens and stables and its thousand con-
veniences and elegances. But all around it a sad chill
was still. The clock in the tower was stopped, the
leaves in the window were untrimmed, and the di-
rection were gathered round in whispering groups
The bell and the fountain were hushed in range
and I saw that the gardener was looking into the
windows, as that he had already entered the door.
On entering the lonely room, paneled and stuccoed
after the fashion of other days, you of necessity as-
sociated it all with great wealth. In the antique
bed lay beautiful females, one son, at a glance,
that in no generation, had the possessor been called
upon for self-denial. In one of the most remark-
rooms, whose floors were richly inlaid with va-
legated wood, whose ivory knobs turned noiseless-
ly, whose carpet rendered the heaviest tread a vi-
ver one, lay an old man, the possessor of all this
estate. He was tall, noble in mien, but trouble had
most evidently been long here. His countenance
was sunken and haggard—the lips colorless, and
the breast scarcely moving as he breathed with
great difficulty. It was difficult to say whether he
was weighed down most heavily by bodily or men-
tal agony. Friends were standing near him but
they were not near his heart. Servants were in
waiting, anxiously waiting, but their services were
not those which children have for a dying father.
A large scroll of parchment was lying on the table.
It was the will of the dying nobleman. The gentle-
man seemed to it as one to read, was carefully reading
it aloud.

"Mr. Douglas," said the dying man. "I have
given you all arrangements and charges all the directions of
that instrument. I believe I have been minute and
particular. And so I have been your only child! The
memory of the past is overwhelming. He is mine,
as you know only by adoption. I took him when a
mere child at the dying request of his father. I
have educated him as my own child and loved him
as such. Oh! what miserable hard I stood out from
him! Repeatedly, however, gone to all that I
evil, giving himself up to every vice, his great means
and never vice, till at last he fled from me and from
his country, and for many years has lived in a fo-
reign land, acted recently and so on which I dare not
think of. Several times years I have supplied
his extremely wants, and have used every means
to enroll him. But he seems every exercise I can
name! For the last six months I have sent by
every packet, sometimes writing and sometimes
sending special messengers, urging him to return to
his—remembering that I will forgive all and make
him my heir, if he will return. I have taken the
peace to be assured that my messages and letters
have been got into his hands—he many as one a
week for a long time. In that will, Mr. Douglas, I
have directed that if he returns before my death,
even if it be not an hour before I die, he shall call
be my son and heir. If he does not, the estate is
not to be entirely, and I have not him all from
me. Mr. Douglas, I have done my duty, I have
done my duty, I cannot endure your attendance
any longer."

My friend was changed. I seemed to be standing
by the trembling couch of a nobleman and his
friend. All around seemed dreary, deserted and cold.
These stately but ugly trees seemed to me like sen-
tinels, standing in the cold, and the wind, as it
broken through the leaves, sighed as if it were
the spirit of the departed. I looked out upon the
park, and the deer, as they bounded by, seemed
to me to be mocking me. I looked at the
servants, and they seemed to be waiting for the
departure of their master. I looked at the
dying nobleman, and he seemed to be waiting
for the departure of his friend. I looked at
the will, and it seemed to be waiting for the
departure of the heir. I looked at the
clock, and it seemed to be waiting for the
departure of time. I looked at myself, and
I seemed to be waiting for the departure of
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REVOLUTIONARY REMORSE.

At Stonington, Connecticut, a few days since, Mrs. Ann Brown, widow of Thomas Brown, who died in 1825, received a letter from Boston, containing a check for $100, and stating that the writer had been induced to send it by the following circumstances: During the Revolutionary war, Thomas Brown, then a young man, was drafted into the army, and left his home, leaving his wife and two children, with a small property, to the care of a neighbor. This neighbor, after the departure of Brown, sold the property, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use. Brown returned at the close of the war, and found his family in destitution. The neighbor, who had become rich, refused to refund the money, and Brown was compelled to begin the world anew. He died in 1825, and his widow has since been supported by her children. The writer of the letter is the son of the neighbor who defrauded Brown, and he says that his father, on his death-bed, charged him to make restitution to the widow. He would send it, or a part of it, and then get up and breathlessly walk across the room. Again he would attempt to speak, but could not articulately, he suddenly stopped, and died.

—Yes, it is just so. I have tried this on a great
while. My comprehension is not quite so large as
my memory faints, and then they breathe out till I re-
ceive more. Once more I am stopped, and they
breathe out again to me more. And now I am sure
me to commit robbery in order to replenish their
wants and mine! When have they sustained me?
no! I have been in the hospital, and in prisons, and
not one of them ever came to see! And yet this
good man—how differently I am he does! It is plain
that he is very near his end. The physicians
says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, un-
less I do it, which I hope from this time I will not
do.

Oh it may be the less, but it seems he cries.
Then we should be surprised when there's found in our night;
If the earth's plain of Heaven, and the sun's light of God,
What life! it's been grown in', when him' now'll the need.

The Lord—I the Shepherd—I know my sheep,
And am known of mine: I lay down my life for the sheep.
They want his sweetness and he long up the sun;
They said his commitment my keep up the sun.

INGENIOUS LEGAL CURIOSITY.—It is well known in the regions bordering on Immigrant Bay, that fish and waterfowl are more abundant than market. That, besides, if the following anecdote be correct, not sometimes used in the places of the neighborhood. A friend has sent us a list of the *Justices' Courts*:

Justices' Courts or Civil Cases to the convenors of Fishing.

For issuing a warrant, . . . 1 dog fish.
do. a subpœna, . . . 1 do.
Adjournment, . . . 1 flounder.
Filing papers, . . . 1 Scallop.
Service by witness, &c., . . . 1 Lamprey.
do. . . . 1 Black Bass.
Judgment and Execution, . . . 1 Sheepshead.
. . . 13

Returns—Parthaven, on the Sunshine, vol. 2, pp. 147.

The same in Criminal Proceedings.

For issuing a warrant, . . . 1 string Suckers
For service, . . . 1 do. Skinny.
Subpœnaing witnesses, each, . . . 5 Chubs.
Fees, . . . 1 green Sturgeon
Recognizances, . . . 3 Catfishes.
Commitment, . . . 1 Hell Diver
Taking up, . . . 1 pair Mudcats
Calling Court, . . . 1 Mudpuck.
Filing papers, . . . 10

10 legal currency.

Accompanying the above was a long list of ordi-
nances, too learned for our comprehension and of
incomprehensible to our readers.—*Rockaway Democrat.*

THE GOOD WIFE.—The commander's last husband
is an equal matter, by constant obeying him.

He never reconcile her husband in the spring tide
of his anger but she waits till it will please him to
speak to her first. And if he be violent and passion-
ate, contrary to iron, she want to be wrought upon
by any body else.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and
she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome
wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge; espe-
cially, she is resolved to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is as if her deputy
husband, which makes her double the fees of her
absence. At his return he finds no new faults, so
that he wonders at himself at home when he
was abroad.

Her table, though many in number, are none
is noise, steering them with a look whither she
list.

The luxuriant work of her servants the student
light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

It her husband's sickness she feels more grief
than she shows.

THE LILY OF THE NILE.

So dims the rainbow, sweet one—sweet and pure,
Who thy praises, thou lily of the holy deep!
Oh! was not then all life's bright morning lay
Only five blighted hopes to embrace flings,
But give to Heaven thy sinless spirit now,
Ere sorrow's traces mar thy placid brow.

Nature and pure thou art, yet is thy soul
Filled with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams!
Some fantastic shape and of truth's sacred,

Into some created *fear to fancy's home:*
Thou hast not known, young flower of life's fair fond,
They have deceived all others, and will then

Well one I read thy thoughts—the gentle heart,
Already secure in its estate to Heart
Now longs for one to whom it can impart
Its mind's wealth of hidden tenderness.
And yearns to know the meaning of the dimly
That from within their flowery cells express.

Then dreamest of love's happiness—the duty
And placid joy which parts pain so well,
Of *mutual* pleasures, even when they seem
Like ocean waves, are heated with severe smell,
And they who bear the deepest love-hearted sigh,
Know 'tis the wailing of the spirit from the sky.

Pain, vain are all thy visions; couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot,
Oh! could thou read upon her pride-veiled brow
Her wasted endeavors, her love forgot,
In loneliness of heart and bitterness of soul,
As pray for strength to wear her sorrows on.

THE DESERT OF A WOMAN'S HEART.—The fol-
lowing illustrative idea of "what's a desert to a
male mind?" is extracted from a novel entitled
" Marriage.

Dreggish saw the street gathering on the hour of
his capricious wife, and clasping her in his arms.

"Are you indeed so fond, my Julia, that you
have forgot the time when you used to declare you
would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne
with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed: but—I did not
then know what a desert was; or at least, I had
not rather a different idea of it.

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her hus-
band, looking—he fell me heaven.

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of
roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and mur-
muring streams, and dreamy very retired, and shel-
tered out of the world, where one could occasion-
ally see one's friends and give *dejeuner* and *fêtes champêtres.*"

A WAGER.—A pleasant item recently hung out
in New York, intimating that thirty men were
wanted for whaling. A studious fellow, who had
landed but the week before from Tipperary, went
and offered his services. He said, in proof of his
qualifications for the employment, that he had the
much better school Mick Finn and Ned Dennis,
that that morning before he took his tay, he had
studied Greece by Goldsmith. "Arrah, now," said
Dick Terry Duffy the first time he ever seems him.
The ship master told him that that was fish, so the
Tipperary scholar walked out to finish the tay he
had completed against Terry Duffy.

☞ A clumber on a certain occasion was called
in a family dinner, by a magistrate of the county,
county, whose former business was that of a carpenter,
why he did not take off his hat when he came into
the room. "It is a privilege Justices are allowed
of." "If it were in my power," said the ride-h-
lously contemptuous gentleman, pointing out with
pseudo dignity, and giving his cane a flourish, "I
would have your hat nailed to your head." "I
thought," said the wag, "I had the honor of a
carpenter and not a blacksmith."

☞ A little girl seeing the doctor take her
brother from the warm bed and apply a warm flan-
nel to his feet, was at a loss to understand the
operation. Her first action question was—"Well,
doctor, you have washed him, and now I suppose
you are going to iron him."

Ladies' Boudoir.

LOVE UNSOUGHT.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

They tell me that I must not love,
Then they will spurn the free
And exchange affection that gives
Its hidden wealth to thee;

It may be so: I heed it not.
But would I change my blissful lot,
When that I am allowed to make
My heart a fountain for thy sake?

They tell me when the fleeting charm
Of novelty is o'er,
That's first one will vanish with careless brow,
And think of me no more;

It may be so! enough for me
If money what I am to thee,
Or I can trust, when then set for,
Thy pathway like a flower-star.

☞ Two brothers, Edward and Lark, were-
charged, at Harlem-garden police office, London,
with stealing three fowls, from a man named
Avery. The prisoners were found guilty on the
and given into custody of a constable named *Per-*
cot, who brought them to the office, from which
they were consigned to the *Cage.*

Agricultural.

VENTILATION OF STABLES.

It is upwards of eight and-forty years since James
Clarke, of Edinburg, protested against close stables.
He insisted that they were not well and fed, in a place
incompatible with health; and he strongly recom-
mended that they should be aired in such a manner
as to have them always pure. Previous to the
production of Clarke's work, people never
thought of having their stables airable, they
had no notion of its use. In fact they were not
as highly pernicious, and did all they could to ex-
clude the air. They were crowded as full of
stables at night, and was exerted to close every open-
ing by which a breath of fresh air might find ad-
mission. The result was the breeding of a
large host of diseases, which were not forgotten. The horse was confined
all night in a sort of hot-house, and in the morning,
when he was brought out to feel his stables warm as
an oven. He did not perceive, or he did not notice,
that the air was bad, charged with moisture, and
loaded with pernicious effluvia. Then he was
oppressively warm, and that was enough for him.
He knew nothing about its influence on his health,
influences on the horse's health. In a large crowded
stable where the horses were in constant and laborri-
ous work, there would be much disease. Opaque,
grease, mange, blindness, coughs, and broken wind,
would prevail, varied occasionally by fatal inflam-
mations of the lungs, or other internal diseases. Now
horses, and those doing little work, the principal
diseases would be more chronic, but grease, coughs
colic, and indigestion, would be the chief forms of in-
firmities. Not every thing on such would be
blamed for these before a close stable.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

WINTER PLOUGHING.—All stiff tenacious clays,
intended for spring crops, should be ploughed either
now in the fall, or during the open periods of the
winter. But the breaking up of such land, should
never be undertaken unless the soil is in a perfectly
dry state. Upon *moist soil dry*, which smears the
ploughmen to turn it over in a state free from dan-
ger of it becoming cloddy, and the operation is ex-
pensive upon the ploughing of stiff clays when wet.
If ploughed in this latter state, it will remain as
the ploughshare has left it, and will be very unfavor-
able to all the purposes of cultivation. If, however, al-
vantage be taken to plough when the soil is right,
neither wet nor dry, the frosts will have the effect
of the action of the winter's alternations of *freezing*
and thawing will be to reduce together the particles of
clay, render it friable, loosen the texture of the
mass, excite the decomposition of vegetable matter,
and destroy the seeds of weeds, and insects which
greatly increase the quantity, and improve the quality
of the crops which may be growing upon it.

TRENCHING OR DEEP PLOUGHING.—As the
prices of grain are now remunerative, we would ad-
vise all to get all they have out, so as to be ready
for next season's crop. Now is the time to work
deep: it can at the proper one to sell at. For years
past the system of grain was to scratch over the
surface, and get a crop, and then the land was left
to recruit itself as it might. In the hope of recruiting it, he
advertised his lose and offered a reward of $50. The
next day he received a note informing him that he
could have his watch by calling at a certain house
at an obscure part of the city. After some little
hesitation he resolved to go. The watch was too
valuable to him to be given up without at least this
attempt to recover it. He call at the door and
was met by a genteelly dressed young person, who in
reply to his inquiries, replied that he had in his
possession the advertised watch, and that on pay-
ment of the reward offered he would deliver it up.
The loser promised to pay the $50, provided he was
convinced the watch was his. It was exhibited,
and the gentleman recognized it at once, paid the
reward, and gladly placed the recovered treasure in
his fob. He then left the house, and walked off
highly pleased with his success. He was turning to
go away he remarked,

"I am glad, as you may suppose, to get my watch
back again, for I should really be pleased to know
how you took it upon me."

"That I will inform you," readily replied the
pickpocket: "it was extracted from your fob in the
manner following:"

Here is something worth attending to, cousins, at
least, to a man as expensively known as Mr. Grand
Duke Alexander Constantine.

It is handsomely stated that the Duke of Leuchtenberg
has already married, and that the lady is
not a Princess, but a Countess Strogonoff.

Ashton.—Dr. Milner, coroner of Broadhurst and Ash-
ton, held an inquest on Wednesday last, at the
Flowery Gardens, Clare, on the body of Mr. Thomas
Hall, aged 70 years, who died suddenly on the pre-
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walk every morning before breakfast. On the morn-
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walking very slowly, and apparently in pain. He
was asked if he was ill, and replied that he was not
well, but would be better after breakfast. He
walked a few yards further, and then fell down dead.
Deceased was a bachelor, and lived with a servant.
Verdict, "Natural death."

Juvenile Department.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 11, 1, 12, 10, 13, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, is the name of a
My 12, 3, 1, 10, 13, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, is a Spanish
My 13, 10, 12, 9, 11, 13, 10, is a city in New Holland.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is a
My 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is a river in Europe.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is a river in Africa.
My 10, 11, 12, 13, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a river in Asia.
My 11, 12, 13, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a city and river in Rhode
Island.
Our days are broken into parts,
And joys are mingled with our tears,
Of the alternate years of hearts
Which make our feelings known pale.
Even in the brightest of our days,
A cold hand seizes may cause to mourn
To know not what it is upon earth.

☞ Two brothers, Edward and Lark, were-
charged, at Harlem-garden police office, London,
with stealing three fowls, from a man named
Avery. The prisoners were found guilty on the
and given into custody of a constable named *Per-*
cot, who brought them to the office, from which
they were consigned to the *Cage.*

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

Hartford and New Haven Railroad.

C. A. Prosser, Darley,

(signed charade, genus.)

CHARADE TABLE.—If you begin at the letter T,
in the middle of the following table, you will spell
the names of one of our exchange papers, no matter
in what direction you read:

EBOLGANAAGLOBE
BOLGANAIANAGLOB
OLGANAIDNIANAGL
LGANAIDNIANAGLG
GANAIDNIANAGLGA
ANAIDNIENIANAGLG
NAIDNIKTHEINDIA
AIDNIKTHEINDIAN
IDNIANAGLGANAIA
DNIANAGLGANAIDN
NIANAGLGANAIDNI
IANAGLGANAIDNIA
ANAGLGANAIDNIAN
NAGLGANAIDNIANA
AGLGANAIDNIANAG
GLGANAIDNIANAGL
LGANAIDNIANAGLO
BOLGANAIANAGLOB
EBOLGANAAGLOBE

Choice Selections.

HYMN OF APOLLO.

BY P. B. SHELLEY.

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with starlight through the gloom,
Will leave the heavens, and walk in darkness, when
The Sun, my father, rises from the ocean.

Fleeing, the lazy fawns from my dim eyes—
Waters are driven before my flying feet,
The Nymphs of the wind, my graceful steeds.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green woods to my approaching eyes.

The pale stars are my companions, and I climb
The steep of midnight, and descend with them
Into the clear dominions of the day.

Dress, that even Success Gaza—About the time
Her enemies and things in the open world had
coming interesting in Nations—a rocker from the
leading, 50 Pieces who had just sold the last of his
stock of Ready Tailed at the Printer's. Rush to thank
speak for his bills.

Shooting there to the accomplished Tribby, he
—"Well, Mr. Printer, how much do you owe for
Family—gold, if you're got it, if not—the opera It's a
sell."

Mr. ——, with his usual grace, counted out
the four hundred, in sovereigns, and handed them
over. The fellow picked one up, examined it close-
ly, read the stamp on both sides, and handing it to
us asked, "and that *British stranger?*" He was
assured it was, but that it was as current as
American gold or silver.

"Oh!" replied he, "you don't fool me, young
man—Have your *British pride*—I've got a kind of
pawn feelin' gin anything in that line; *Dirn your*
British Gold! You must think I'm a fool—and don't
reckonable on whom that is the Bank of England
and I said' a gratin that to get it changed. *Dirn*
your British Gold! Those chaces for Hirers!

FINDING THE FIRE.—A good story is told about
two firemen—one of them a fat, heavy individual,
who had just joined. One day, upon an alarm being
given, the two started full speed to the fire-
house, and arrived there just in season to see their
engine turn the corner and disappear. Away they
went time, but without gaining an inch, the fat man
became completely blown—exhausted almost just
breathing with the unusual exertion, he could
learn one and feel the rapidity—and the lean
friend. "Not an inch farther," returned the other, put-
ting and blowing: *"We'll find the engineer for*
to-morrow's paper!"

SPECIMENTA MEASURE.—"Well, squire," said a
constituent to a representative, "why didn't you
get our petition through the Legislature this win-
ter?" "I did get it through, my dear sir, without
any difficulty." "Almighty!—I didn't see any
account of it in the newspapers." "To be sure not
—I carried it through *both Houses in my pocket* and
made no noise about it."

☞ The Governor of Louisiana has appointed
the 10th instant, as a day of Thanksgiving in that
State.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION!

Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Fever on the Side
and Breast, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Palpitation
of the Heart, Whooping Cough, Croup, Pleu-
risy, Influenza, Liver Complaint and
Nervous Debility.

THOMPSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR
AND WOOD NAPTHA.

CURE FOLLOWS CURE!—FARTHER evi-
dence of the EXTRAORDINARY EFFICACY of
the Compound Syrup of Tar and Wood Naptha, in Consumption, &c.

The undersigned is ordered to make the following brief
statement, which he does cheerfully, as a matter of
public benefit, that numbers had better make use of
the same remedy which has restored him to health,
than suffer and die for want of knowledge. He was
for six months under the treatment of Dr. Thomp-
son, of Newark, and was discharged as incurable,
with a confirmed consumption. He was told that he
must soon pass away, and that he could not live
more than a few weeks. He was reduced to a skeleton,
and was unable to walk across the room. His cough
was constant and distressing, and at times
he was unable to speak above a whisper. His
friends gradually grew weaker, with profuse night sweats,
and a constant cough, which was attended
with great general debility. My countenance assumed
a deathly appearance, and I was considered by all
of the symptoms of confirmed Consumption. I was
induced to make use of Thompson's Compound Syrup
of Tar and Wood Naptha, and from the first dose I
felt relief. I continued to use it, and in a few days
my cough was materially relieved, my appetite
began to improve, and my strength increased. I
continued to use it, and in a few weeks I was able
to walk about the room, and in a few months I was
able to walk out. I continued to use the Syrup,
and in a few months I was able to resume my
business, and have been ever since in the enjoyment
of good health. I have used the Syrup in my family
with the most happy effects, and have recommended
it to many friends, who have used it with the same
success. I am willing to make this statement, that
others may be induced to use the same remedy, and
be restored to health.

JOHN MARSH.

Witness to signature and statement,
before me, CHAUNCEY BULSLEY, Alderman.

AGENTS.

Wm. D. Little, Portland, Me.; T. C. Butler, Derby
Line, Vt.; Lyndon, Vt.; Hanover, N. H.; Bellows Falls,
Vt.; Keene, N. H.; Brattleboro, Vt.; Greenfield, Mass.;
Northampton, Mass.; Springfield, Mass.; Hartford, Ct.;
Albany, N. Y.; Troy, N. Y.; Saratoga Springs, N. Y.;
Utica, N. Y.; Rochester, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Lockport,
N. Y.; Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Lewiston, N. Y.; Canandaigua,
N. Y.; Auburn, N. Y.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Oswego, N. Y.;
Dr. James Cooke, Fredericksburg, Va.; G. H. Dixon, Jr.,
Richmond, Va.; Dr. Thomas Hall, Petersburg, Va.; Dr.
Lewis Glenn, Georgia; Wentworth, Ty.; Hamil Mc-
Mackey, Carlisle, S. Augusta, Carlisle, Pa.; John
Bowman, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dr. Thompson, Lancaster, Pa.;
Smith, Georgetown, Pa.; Hammond & Mowan, Newark,
N. J.; Dr. Thompson, Newark, N. J.; Dr. Thompson,
Paterson, N. J.; Dr. Thompson, Jersey City, N. J.;
Dr. Thompson, Hoboken, N. J.; Dr. Thompson, Trenton,
N. J.; Dr. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Thompson,
Pittsburg, Pa.; Dr. Thompson, Cincinnati, O.; Dr.
B. F. THOMPSON, M. D., Inventor of Bath and Sporting
Establishment, Newark, N. J. Price 50 cents per bottle, or
Price 50 cents per bottle, or 6 bottles for $2.50.

☞ BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND COUN-
TERFEITS.

DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S CON-
CHA, Pills, and the discharge of matter from the Ears
cured by HARP'S ACOUSTIC OIL. Deafness is one
of the most distressing infirmities to which the human
frame is subject. Whether it arises from a cold, or
are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also gene-
rally accompanied by a singing noise in the ears, we
have found for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were
in the habit of using Scarpa's Concha Pills, which
have never failed to cure the most obstinate cases of
deafness, however much other remedies may have failed.
Numerous testimonials have been received from persons
who had used these pills, and also Harp's Acoustic Oil,
and who had been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years,
and were perfectly cured by using these remedies.
Deafness is sometimes caused by a collection of wax in
the ear, which may be removed by the use of the Oil.
Persons who have been deaf for many years, and have
used Scarpa's Concha Pills, and Harp's Acoustic Oil,
and who have been cured, are willing to make affidavits
to the truth of the above statements. Price of Harp's
Acoustic Oil, 50 cents per bottle. Scarpa's Concha Pills,
50 cents per box. Sold by ALBERT A. HOYT,
Druggist, 100 Fulton-street, New York.

CAUTION.—The public should be on their guard
against Harp's Acoustic Oil, and Scarpa's Concha Pills,
Cherry, which have sprung up in all parts of the country.
Harp's Acoustic Oil, and Scarpa's Concha Pills, can
only be found to be "false," by a little inquiry as to
their genuineness. Harp's Acoustic Oil is prepared
and manufactured in regard to Dr. Scarpa's Concha
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POCKET-PICKING.

The Albany Citizen cites the following case, and
says it may be relied upon as authentic, which illus-
trates the ingenuity of the pickpocket fraternity, a
person species of villainy more thoroughly than any
other we have heard of:

A few weeks since a gentleman of the Astor
House in New York, suddenly missed a gold watch
which was worth more to him than it could be to
any body else. In the hope of recovering it, he
advertised his loss and offered a reward of $50. The
next day he received a note informing him that he
could have his watch by calling at a certain house
at an obscure part of the city. After some little
hesitation he resolved to go. The watch was too
valuable to him to be given up without at least this
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Deceased was a bachelor, and lived with a servant.
Verdict, "Natural death."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW FOLIO, NEW TYPE, OLD FRIENDSHIPS, AND NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The Publishers of the Saturday Evening Post
announce to their numerous patrons and friends, that
the twenty-sixth volume of their paper will be issued
in a new and beautiful form, and with a large addi-
tional number to swell the reader of the interesting
paper contained.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND!

which is the name chosen for the designation of this paper. As
a family paper, dependent upon the fireside for support, it
has claims upon the public for encouragement, which
the Publishers flatter themselves will not be disregarded.
Its interest and value will be increased by the
steady and gratifying way which has been secured
of it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENT